

wherfoze good father, in time here repent
And haue a respecte, vnto Chyistles testament

Father:

What Robin, my thyngke thou hast lesse toyt
Wost thou thinke thou art, to come to promotion
Foz to marye with gentilles, I trow it is fy
Hapng with them, of monye a good porcion
What though it be gotten by craft or seduction
By the masse, it is all my delyght and pleaso
To haue here aboundaunce, of worldly treaso.

Robin.

By extorsion father, maye God it fofende
That any Chyisten man, therin should delight
Father geue me no shoolen goodes, my welch to amende
Vnles I do liue, by the poore mans ryght
As I feare that some doth, both Lord and knyght
wherfoze good father, in time here repent
And haue a respecte, vnto Chyistles testament.

Father.

Oh Robin I perceiue nowe, so God me saue
That thou wyltbe, but a meane gentelman
Seyng you be luche, a conrinable knaue
So seke thou thy liuinge, where that thou can
Tusse, what ease I though the people me ban
To haue here a boundaunce, of worldly treaso.

Robin.

Oh father seke first here, the kyngdome of heauen
And gather you up of Gods treaso, therein to lea
And not wpyked by synne, to fulfyll the synnes lea
Foz that were a very tyege damnable weye
Remembze father, that you be but earth and clay
wherfoze good father, I praye you yet repent
And haue a respecte vnto Chyistles testament.

A.ii.

Father.

Ashames
les aun-
swer for
a pacist.

Father.

Robin woldest thou not haue me to bye and sell
As yet to kepe in stozz for to do me good
By the masse yf I folow the of the gospell
As the length of mynst churche, to lye in my bed
Till the I wyl be counted here, for lusty blonde
Euenge it is all my delght and plezor
Wyl haue abundance of morblve trafor.

Robin.

Father you haue ynough, yf you haue not to mure
this I dare be holde here to a bowe
you haue ten tymes more grovde, a money in your butch
Then ever had my granter, you wyl this alowe
yet he kepe a better house than, then ever byd you
Wher fore good father, amende and repent
And haue a respecte, vnto Chythes testament.

Father.

Be like
rall vnto
the poore

Till the Robin, thy talke is folyshe and sonde
I knowe thy mynde, what thou goest about
Thou woldest haue me, to liue only by my londe
And to kepe open house, for euery iacke lout
As I wyl feast none, but the roufflinge rout
For it is all my delght and plezor
To haue here obundance of morblve trafor.

Robin.

Father I wolde haue you liue, so that god may be pleased
And for your good life God will geue you mede
Father spende your goodes so that the poore may be cased
For your riches he lent you so do luche as nedz
And not to spende all of the riche, for we haue no nedz
Whyt fore good father in tyme yet repent
And haue a respecte vnto Chythes testament.

Father.

Be the masse Robin I thinke thou arte made

Shoulde

Shoulde I feast beggers, mayr spe for shame
I dar say it wolde make some gentell man sadde
That all riche men shoulde haue suche a name
Yea I my selfe wyll confesse the same
Seynge it is all my delight and plesor.
To haue abundaunce of worldely treasor.

The bren
of the nee
ful is the
life of the
poore.
Eccle. 34

Robin.

Father the

It is possible for a riche man, to heauen to come
As it is for a Camel, to go thorow a nedle eye
For suche worldly men, be of the deuils kyngedome
I meane not all ryche men, but the vnfactate some
Wherfore good father, youre couetousnes repent
And haue a respect vnto Chyestes Testament

Father.

Shall I repent bove, no, no, I wyll be ryche, yea & ryche
For I knowe a wood, is well worth a thousande pounce
By the Masse Raby, my fingers doth itche
Tyll that I haue it, to stubbe vp by the grounde
Also fyue farmes about it, they shalbe mine rounde
Seynge it is my delight and plesor
I wyll haue abundaunce, of worldly treasor.

Beware
of vnfactate
desire

Robin

Father the Prophetes of God, doth cry two, two
Be vnto suche ryche, and men can

That fornetly wyll haue, to haue and more so lano, also
Wepe & howle ouer youre riches, saynt James sayth thus
The rust of the shal witte against you your actes to discus
Thus sayth the holy scripture, wherfore repent
And haue a respecte vnto Chyestes Testament.

Father.

What guppe Robin, guppe boy, guppe heritike and sole
Now goddes dere curse, I geue the and mine
Mayr spe, ye haue gone so longe vnto scoole

The rebo
ke, and ad
monition
of the ge
deracyon
of sath.

Alili,

a gappe

A gaynst my ryches, and welth to repyn
By the masse, yf thou to the scripture incline
Be sure that I wyll neuer, do the pleasor
Noz yet neuer helpe the, with none of my treasor.

Robin.

O father father, yet ayle vp and wake
Out of thys slepe, of cursed conetous snare
God wyllenge. I shall neuer, Godes grace forsake
Nether for you, noz woold I be wefare
Good father now leaue here your carpe and care
For you haue ynough, wherfoze be content
Onles you be dampned, at the daye of iudgement
father.

Where
among
harts
there is
his God

What dampned Robin, that were a toye
Custhe, a dewe, farwell for I must departe
Ah Robin, Robin, thou art a shroud boy
For thy wordes pearceth me euen to the hart
well yet I wyll go walke, downe vnto my cart
For nothyng Robin, but for my pleasor
Oh howe, my hart is styll, vpon woold I be treasor.

Robin.

Repent father repent, for your goodes is your God
Repent or els you be, for ever, in a dampnable case
Be ware father, for our Lord wyll stryke wth his rod
God knoweth thine, and that some daye
father God wyllenge, I shall neuer, your grace
To counsell my mother, also to repent
For bothe of you be nepe boyde of all grace
wherfore applie you, to tyme to be penitent

Finis.

There endeth Robin and his father.